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vance, he straightened his bent figure and came toward us with a smile of pleasure on his face as he said, "I know you, Mr. ———. You were here some time ago." Dressed in an old collarless checkered shirt and nondescript trousers, perspiring freely, standing with his snow-white hair bared to the sun as he cordially welcomed a former acquaintance and his friends, he gave the impression of gentleness and refinement. After explaining his present occupation and apologizing for his appearance he led us into a school unique in several ways.

One's first impression was that of coolness and cleanliness. The walls were calcimined and finished in a shade of light blue. The desks were of a type familiar to most American schools, finished in a very dark stain. The floor was of wide soft boards scrubbed to the nth degree. Beside the nineteen desks of various sizes there were in the room a globe protected from the dust by a cover of some bright blue figured material, an organ, a strip of black board across the front wall, and an ordinary teacher's desk. Upon this desk there stood an old fashioned ink well with an open work metal background representing, from where the group stood, what I took to be a leaping deer. The room itself, not so different from scores of others into which you and I have stepped, carried a distinct air of otherness. One's mind went back to the pictures he recalled of primitive days, or of schools in other parts of the world than ours. This background combined with the sturdy figure of the white-haired old man standing there telling us, in his painfully correct English, of his early professional training in Leipzig, of his coming to this country over forty years ago, of his forty-one (within a month, forty-two) years of teaching experience in this same room, of his enjoyment of his work and of his happiness in it, gave us two distinct impressions: first, that we were in the presence of a scholar and a gentleman possessing a very fine

philosophy of life; and second, that the scene we were viewing and the story to which we were listening were alike unique in the educational history of our country.

Forty-two years of teaching, always of a few children below the ninth grade, always in the same room, surrounded by the same scenes, may not seem to my readers the training which would develop a personality whose gentleness and refinement would make its possessor a welcome member of any society. But such was very evidently the case.

Further conversation with Mr. Sifert revealed something of the organization of his work. The children come to school the year around. No vacation is given. In the summer the schedule is light, a preparation school, as he called it. In winter the school is held six hours every day, from eight to eleven-thirty and from twelve-thirty to three. Other sources than the teacher revealed the fact that tardiness is unknown and that absences occur only when sickness prevents attendance. The children love and respect Mr. Sifert very much. Indeed, it would seem strange did they not. When asked in regard to the summer work he said, "Why not? I have nothing else to do, and I love to teach. I like it. I like nothing better. Then the parents know where the children are when they are here. We do not work them hard. Short hours and plenty of play. Why not?"

The inadequacy of the teaching profession! There are different ideas as to rewards and as to what constitutes adequate living. But if joy and pride in one's work continued over a lifetime of service, if the development of an attitude toward life, of a human sympathy which makes one's companions and even one's chance acquaintances recognize that here is a man who has lived wisely and well, mean anything, then, here, in this little one room village school we found a demonstration of the adequacy of teaching as a profession.

An Appreciation

The duties of the National Secretary this spring have been unusually heavy, more than we could attend to in the limited time available. Therefore, it was necessary to call for a volunteer to help us prepare this issue of THE PHI DELTA KAPPAN for press. Through inquiry among Zeta members, we were put into touch with Frederick Schultz, one of

Zeta's latest initiates. This issue of the national magazine has been prepared entirely — with the exception of this one contribution — under his editorial care. Editing the contributions from the chapters was, for this issue, unusually difficult, owing to the nature of the material. We are proud of the way Brother Schultz has done the job. A. J. M.